The SERENADE.

A Favourite SONG.

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Amoroſo

Waft to her ears, kind gen – tle breeze, a hap – – – – –leſs lo – ver's

lay;

Tell her while ſhe lays - - at

eaſe, I die! I die! I die a - way. way.

II.

This to her tender boſom bear,
And tell her all my pain;
And if a ſpark of pity's there,
Oh fan it to a flame.

For the G U I T A R.

Sy So Sy So Sy